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those little violations of prevailing taste, which might be reasonably objected to in the works of professed authors. With these limitations, however, we doubt not they will find the "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," a pleasant, rollicking, slapdash sort of journal enough; witness the description of the field of Waterloo, during and after the battle:

"I had never yet heard of a battle in which every body was killed" (it is clear the author is scandalously ignorant of the well authenticated conflict of the Kilkenny cats); "but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-à-vis*; for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support, at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the twenty-seventh) and two living ones; and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

"Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears;—it was Lord Wellington's long wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near: we took it up by instinct—charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out "no cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!"

"This movement had carried us clear of the smoke; and, to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of Le Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and every thing belonging to them, fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

"This was the last, the greatest, and the most uncomfortable heap of glory that I ever had a hand in, and may the deuce take me if I think that every body waited there to see the end of it, otherwise it never could have been so troublesome to those who did. We were, take us all in all, a very bad army. Our foreign auxiliaries, who constituted more than half of our numerical strength, with some exceptions, were little better than a raw militia—a body without a soul, or like an inflated pillow, that gives to the touch, and resumes its shape again when the pressure ceases—not to mention the many who went clear out of the field, and were only seen while plundering our baggage in their retreat.

"The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of every thing destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewed with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow.

"The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit? but on this occasion it was, 'Who's alive?' Meeting one, next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday? 'I'll be hanged,' says he, 'if I know any thing at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and, in short, that I only owe my existence to my insignificance.'

"Two of our men, on the morning of the 19th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition-wagon for firewood, when one of their swords striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about twenty or thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position, five or six times, to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting, for a moment, the horror of their situation.

"I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognized them; and, singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after.

"Among other officers who fell at Waterloo, we lost one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end, for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he knew the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him, which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers, quartered at a neighbouring village, who happened to be, that day, engaged to dine with the clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities, they were at first afraid to make him one of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behaviour, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favourite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out at the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, 'Egad, I think I astonished that fellow!' but whether

it was the cat or the parson he meant I never could learn.

"About twelve o'clock, on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris. I shall, therefore, leave my readers at Waterloo, in the hope that, among the many stories of romance to which that and the other celebrated fields gave birth, the foregoing unsophisticated one of an eye-witness may not have been found altogether uninteresting."

#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends, including numerous original Anecdotes and curious traits of the most celebrated characters that have flourished during the last eight years, vol. 2. pp. 551. London, Colburn and Bentley.

Those who remember the first volume of this book, published some two years ago, need only to be told that the second is continued in the same vein. The writer is one of that class for which Juvenal professes such profound contempt, a superannuated fencing master, the son of an Italian riding master. It is much the fashion of late years with such of the lower people as have had occasion in the way of business to come frequently in contact with the great, to publish all the loose idle gossip they have been able to collect. We cannot much commend either the morality or the liveliness of Angelo's book. The following short snuff anecdote is one of the most amusing.

"Old Slaughter's coffee-house was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at back-gammon with old General Brown; during this time Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said, 'Sir William blow your nose.' 'Blow it yourself,' was the reply, 'tis as near you as me!'

*A Review of Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, in 1827 and 1828*. By an American, pp. 149. London; Kennett.

BROTHER JONATHAN is exceedingly wroth, and not without some cause, against Capt. B. Hall, for his censorious remarks upon American society and manners; yet he is not without wit in his anger, and humour too, though of a somewhat saturnine kind. We are not naturally disposed to be much in love with "the nasty guessing Yankees," but we confess we think, that much prejudiced and unkindly feeling has been very unnecessarily cherished by various publications from time to time on both sides of the Atlantic, tending to exasperate the feelings of the inhabitants of the respective countries. To irritate the mutual animosity of two nations, such as Great Britain and America, which have now no just ground of quarrel, is both foolish and wicked. In the present review, Captain Hall is shewn up tartly enough for his numerous alleged misrepresentations, to the disadvantage of the States people, and calculated to increase the unkindly feelings here alluded to, and certainly rather a strong case is made out against his "Two Guinea Book on America."